

To New Assistants

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Summary: AU where Miranda and Andy switch jobs. Everyone knows that once you've been Andrea's assistant for at least a year you can do anything. So here she is, mother of two, two divorces, and with a love of fashion, Miranda Priestly is interviewing for the job of assistant.

To New Assistants

Disclaimer: I own nothing. As much as I wish I do, I have don't get to call these lovely characters mine._

She walks out of the elevator and everyone stops at the sound. They are staring. She brushes it off with a glare, and they quickly get back to their work as if nothing had happened, as if she didn't exist. She walks confidently in her one pair of slightly scuffed Prada heels, towards the main office of the one and only Andrea Sachs. She has heard a lot about Miss Sachs, the youngest woman to be editor in chief of a magazine, angel face with a touch of a dark side, million girls wanting to be her assistant. She knew she had a late start, a very late start into the fashion game, but she was hoping for a chance at an in. Everyone knows that once you've been Andrea's assistant for at least a year you can do anything. So here she is, mother of two, two divorces, and with a love of fashion, Miranda Priestly is interviewing for the job of assistant.

As soon as she opens the door Miranda hears a groan, "You have got to be kidding me." A feminine voice, probably british, exclaims. "This is what HR sends me? She is not going to be pleased with this." The woman waves for Miranda to follow her and walks down the hall to the main office.

Miranda brushes off Emily's earlier comments and says with a fake friendly tone, "Hello, I am here for an interview with Miss Sachs." As soon as those words left her mouth, Emily's phones goes off and in an instant she is in a panic. A man opens the door of the main office, "She is on her way up." Emily says.

"She's early," He glances over to Miranda and raises his eyebrows, "well that is going to be interesting." He says with a chuckle. Miranda just glares. He turns to walk out while telling the office to 'gird their loins.' whatever that means.

The whole 17th floor is in a panic rushing to get everything neat and in place. Emily is rushing around the main office pouring water and placing magazines on a desk, then rushes towards the elevators. Miranda just watches as the whole office takes a deep breath everything freezes, just waiting for something. Then it happens, just a simple little thing, a small insignificant thing. The elevator dings. Then she appears. Andrea Sachs. Sunglasses still settled on her face. Her outfit is perfection. Miranda finds herself staring. The tight black Calvin Klein pants seem to be made for Andrea's form. The flowing royal purple Vera Wang dress that stops right about the knees is to die for. Then those shoes, the blood red Prada heels, there is no words.

Andrea stalks forward and everyone quickly jumps out of her way. She makes walks into the office and drops her bag onto Emily's desk. Emily quickly stands up and takes the binder from Andrea's hands as she beings to speak, "I want the spread completely redone. The whole scene is a catastrophe. Can no one do anything right? Also I need you to cancel my lunch today, I am not in the mood to deal with people. I want Patrick on the phone is 20 minutes, and get me my coffee. Thanks Emily." Andrea turns to walk into her office but stops, "who is she?"

"Oh her, well Andrea that's who HR sent to be interviewed for your assistant, I was going to do it," Emily starts to explain.

"Oh Emily, I don't want your excuses alright? Just send her in and I will deal with it." Andrea says with a sigh. She walks into her office and sits down behind her desk and taps her pen on the top impatiently.

Emily hisses at Miranda, "go she is waiting."

Miranda rolls her eyes and snarks back, "thank you so much, it's like I wasn't here to witness her statement." She walks into Andrea's office and is surprised. It had a homey feel to it, she expected something harsh and completely, well _fashion._ But no, it had a worn couch, a couple of framed newspaper clippings, and what looked like family photos. "Hello Miss Sachs," Miranda started.

Andrea looks up from the paperwork, "why are you here?" She asks in a soft voice, completely different from the one she used outside while talking with Emily a few moments ago.

Miranda is shocked, but keeps her face impassive, "I am here to be your assistant." She states firmly. Andrea leans back into her chair and just stares. She looks Miranda up and down almost like she is contemplating something.

"They always are," She mumbles, "Alright Missâ€œ!"

"Priestly, Miranda Priestly." She supplies.

"Miranda," the name just rolls off Andrea's tongue, "I can see you

know some things about fashion, or you just got lucky with that outfit. But I need someone who can keep up, and do what I need them to right when I need them too. This is a fast pace job. Do you think you can keep up?" Andrea says with a smirk.

Miranda just stands up straighter and glares at Andrea with her piercing blue eyes, "I can." She barely holds herself back from saying completely bitchy.

Andrea once again looks her over, she tilts her head and just nods. "I guess it's settled, Emily will explain things." She looks up with a smirk, "That's all."

Miranda walks out of the office stunned. She got the job, she knew that she would fight for it but deep down she also knew there was no way she was going to be hired. What is the even bigger shock is that Andrea herself hired her. "What just happened?" She whispered to herself.

"You just sold your soul to the devil. Welcome to Runway better know as hell most days." Emily said with a grimace. "Now then, Andrea has decided to hire you, probably do the amount of stress she is under, her brain had a momentary lapse. Don't expect to stay long. They only last about a couple of weeks." Emily grumbles. "Alright first rule: you are now chained to that desk. You are not allowed to leave ever. If Andrea wants something done, you call me and I will go get it. I don't want to deal with an angry Andrea, so call me. Also you never, and I mean never, miss a call. Andrea hates voice mail." Emily pauses, "are you getting all of this?"

"Of course, I wasn't born yesterday." Miranda said with some sass. She pretended not to hear the soft, obviously Emily muttered. At that moment the phone rings.

Emily gives her a pointed stare and answers, "Andrea Sachs office." She pauses as the other person speaks, "She is in a meeting right now, can I take a message?" Emily scribbles something down then hangs up. "That is how you answer the phone."

"Anything else I should know before I sit down?" Miranda asks.

"Andrea never explains herself, so don't expect her to at any time. Alright now I will be back in about twenty minutes. Don't leave this desk."

"Of course." Miranda said softly as she watches Emily walk away.

About fifteen minutes of just sitting at her desk answering phone calls exactly the way Emily did Miranda hears a soft voice from inside Andrea's office.

"Emily." Andrea calls. She rolls her eyes, "Where is that stupid british girl now." Andrea just leans back in her chair with a big sigh, "When did work become such a chore? I need a day off, maybe tomorrow I will stay home. Who am I kidding fashion waits for nobody." Andrea thinks bitterly, she straightens up in her chair and calls, "Emily!"

Miranda finally gets up from her chair and walks in, "Emily has stepped out Miss Sachs. Is there anything I can help you with?" Miranda says in an impassive tone. While Miranda's exterior was all ice and confidence, on the inside was a bundle of nerves. Her stomach rolled at the thought of doing something wrong and being fired on her first day.

"I need my coffee, and get me Nigel up here." Andrea says in a tired voice. Quickly she realizes how she said that and hardens her eyes, "And when that airhead assistant of mine gets back in from god knows where," Andrea voice darkens, "I need to speak with her. That's all."

Miranda nods and walks out, and sits behind her desk with a shiver. At that moment Emily walks into the office, "Why were you up? I told you to stay behind that desk!"

"Miss Sachs was calling for you, so I went in. She wants to see Nigel and she wants to talk with you."

Emily's eyes widen, she clears her throat, "yes well, alright." She squares her shoulders and starts walking towards Andrea. She looks back at Miranda, "Also she hates being called Miss Sachs, so call her Andrea."

Miranda just nods and watches the scene unfold in front of her. Andrea is calmly talking to Emily and Emily slowing starts to lose her tall stature. There was no shouting. Nothing looked out of the ordinary. Then Emily walked back out into the outer office with tears in her eyes. She moved to sit behind her desk and took a shuttering breath. "That woman has a way with words. I would make sure to grow some thick skin, and fast. Andrea has a way of finding your weakness and exploiting it." Emily says solemnly. Again Miranda justs nods.

It was finally time to go home, Andrea sweeps out of the office demanding for her bag and for someone to let Roy know that she is ready to be picked up. And just like she appears, she disappears with a ding of the elevator. Miranda lets out a breath she didn't realize she was holding, and start straightening up her desk. "Is it like this everyday?" She asks Emily.

Emily looks up from her computer, "This was an easy day. Welcome to fashion. Alright now that she is gone, the most important job we have as an assistant is the Book."

"The Book?"

"Yes, every night I wait here for the Book to be finished by editing, the I bring it directly to Andrea's house. There she reviews it and marks what she wants to be fixed. The next morning she brings it back and gives it to me so I can give it back to editing for the mistakes to be fixed."

"Ah, so that's what she handed you this morning." Miranda says with realization coloring her voice.

"Yes exactly. Now while you get to go home, I have to stay here and wait for the Book. Andrea doesn't trust you enough with the Book yet so that responsibility falls onto me."

"Yes well, good night Emily." Miranda says stiffly.

Miranda finally makes it home at the reasonable time of, 11:45. She groans, _"great the twins are already in bed, and I will probably have to deal with Stephen."_ She climbs up the stairs of her home to her daughter's room. Much to her surprise, they are both awake and whispering to each other. "And what do you think you two are doing?"

Both girls jump at the intrusion, but quickly recover by jumping out of bed and running to greet their mother. "Mom! How was work?" They both said at the same time. Miranda just shook her head, _"They probably practiced that"_ she thought with a small smile. "It was something. Now why are my two daughters still awake at this time of night?" Miranda said with a glare.

The twins looked down, "Well we just wanted to see you after your first day of work." Cassidy said sheepishly while Caroline nodded.

"Well here I am, now get into bed and go to sleep. You have school tomorrow and I have work. Good night Bobbseys." Miranda said as she hugged both her daughters. She walked out of the twins room and into her own. Stephen wasn't in the bed. _"At least I won't have to deal with him. He's probably passed out on the couch. Idiot._" She quickly changed into her pajamas, and sunk into bed with a sigh. "Only 364 more days to go."

End
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